

## A GHOSTLY LOCOMOTIVE, PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

The Engineer Relates of Seeing It on a Western Road.

Driven by the Spirit of a Former Knight of the Lever.

By the courtesy of the engineer ex-Engineer J. M. Pinckney was riding on the engine. They were reconnoitring experiences, says the *Seattle Press*, and the foreman, who was a green hand, was getting very nervous as he listened to the tales of wrecks and disasters, the horrors of which were graphically described by the veteran engineers.

The night was clear and the rays from the headlight flashed along the track, and, although they were interested in spinning yarns, a sharp lookout was kept, for they were rapidly nearing Eagle Gorge, in the Cascades, the scene of so many disasters and the place which is said to be the most dangerous on the 2,500 miles of road.

The engineer was relating a story and was just coming to the climax when he suddenly grasped the throttle, and in a moment had "thrown her over," that is, reversed the engine. The air-brakes were applied and the train thundered to a standstill within a few feet of the place where Engineer Cypher met his death two years ago.

By this time the passengers had become curious to what was the matter, and all kinds of questions were asked the trainmen. The engineer made an excuse that some of the machinery was loose, and in a few moments the train was speeding on to her destination.

"Would you like to look there?" asked Pinckney. "I hear your excuse, but I have run too long on the road not to know that your excuse is not the truth."

His question was answered by the engineer pointing ahead and saying ex-

"There! Look there! Don't you see it?"

"Looking out of the cab window," said Pinckney, "I saw about three hundred yards ahead of us the headlight of a locomotive."

"A locomotive train, man!" I cried, reaching for the lever.

"Oh, it's nothing. It's what I saw back at the gorge." It's Tom Cypher's engine, No. 33. There's no danger of a collision. The man who is running that ahead of us is my friend, Mr. Holmes, and I can see one forward. Have I seen it before? Yes, twenty times. Every engineer on the road knows that engine, and he's always watching for it when he gets to the gorge."

The engineer ahead of me was running slightly faster, so he was pulling from the stack and the headlight threw out rays of red, green and white light. It kept a short distance ahead of us for several miles, and then for a moment we saw a figure on the pilot. Then the engine rounded a curve and we did not see it again.

We ran by a little station, and at the next, when the operator warned us to keep well back from a wild engine that was ahead, the engineer said nothing. He was not afraid of a collision.

Just to satisfy my own curiosity, I sent a telegram to the engine-wiper of Sprague, asking him if No. 33 was in. I received a reply stating that No. 33 had just come in, and that her coal was exhausted and boxes burned out.

I stopped the train, and the telegrapher, who just ask my name of the boy, although many of them won't talk about it, I would not myself if I were running on the road.

With this comment upon the tale Pinckney boarded a passing caboose and was away to Tacoma. It is believed he is Northern. The engineers that Thomas Cypher's spirit still hovers near Eagle Gorge."

**ALL WANTED THEIR PICTURES.**

An English Artist Receives an Order from a Family of Fourteen.

Hopchner, the English portrait-painter, says an exchange once told how a wealthy stock broker drove up to his door and the carriage entered into his hall a gentleman and lady, with five sons and seven daughters—all samples of "pa" and "ma" as well fed and city bred a family family as any within the sound of Bow Bell.

"Well, Mr. Painter," said he, "here we are—a baker's dozen; how much will you demand for painting the whole lot of us?—receipt payable in discount?"

"With that, with the asterisk'd painter, "why, that will depend on the dimensions, style, composition and—"

"Oh, that is all settled," quoth the enlightened brother. "We are all to be touched off in one place, as large as life, all seated upon our lawn at Clapham and all singing: 'God Save the King.'"

**INVENTIVE TURN OF MIND.**

Postal Card Devised for the Use of Lazy Correspondents.

Who says that John Bull is not inventive? An enterprising country publisher, who has noticed that immense numbers of people suffer from an almost unconquerable repugnance to letter-writing, has prepared a special postcard for the use of lazy correspondents, says the London *Post*.

The back of the card is divided lengthwise into ten equal spaces, and the energies of the reluctant scriber are nourished by the following suggestive headings, each of which is conspicuously printed to the left of each of the divisions:

1. Date. 2. Excuse for not having written sooner. 3. State of health—*as self, (or) of family.* 4. The writer's recent experiments. 5. News. 6. Family gossip. 7. Questions to be answered in your next. 8. Love to—. 9. Love from—. 10. Signature.

Photographs of Daily Life All Over the Country.

## THE TURF.

Prospect that a Racing Bill Will Be Passed at Trenton.

HAS GUTTENBURG WEAKENED?

A Track to Be Opened This Summer at Merchantville.

The war which Guttenburg and the Board of Control has been waging has apparently turned in the latter's favor. From the way matters look now it seems as though Guttenburg had been forced to come to terms and use its influence in favor of a pool bill.

The county courts possessed a similar combination of judicial, administrative and legislative authority.

That followed was the judgment of a Virginia court.

First if Mister Holmes does not quit worrying Mister Jones and making him enter and swear so he shall be sent to jail."

**COLONIAL SHIRE OFFICERS.**

A JUDGE'S JOKE.

The Young Lawyer's Eloquence Is Stayed by the Court.

Judge Cox, of the Circuit Court, got off a working joke from the bench at the expense of a well known attorney, who shall be nameless. This attorney is a fervid speaker, says the *Cincinnati Times*.

He talks in a loud tone and uses florid language, and when he comes on the stand has gathered quite a number of bouquets from the blooming fields of pure rhetoric.

Guttenburg will certainly have no trouble in helping to pass this bill Guttenburg is in the way to lose thousands of dollars. Its managers would not voluntarily give up this sum, and the only conclusion that can be reached is that they have weakened. They will be forced to give up a month in the Spring and a month in the Fall to Elizabeth and Linden, and they will have to give three days a week to Clinton.

Calculate these conceded days at \$5,000 a day and one will arrive at the approximate figure of Guttenburg's losses by supporting the bill.

**MOUNT OF FOOTPRINTS.**

Description of the Remarkable Mount in Mashonland.

The Rev. Owen Watkins has been prospecting in Mashonaland, in the interests of the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

In a recent letter he says he is presumably the first white man to see the Mount of Footprints which he thus describes:

"At last we came to one large mound of rocks on the top of the hills. Here are the footprints of the granite rock. Millions of human footprints, thousands of footprints of animals—lions, jackals, wolves and antelopes."

The Hudson County grand jury will decide up the case of the blacksmen arrested last week at Guttenburg. All the constables serving the warrants have been subpoenaed, and all of the men secured the evidence will also appear.

McLaughlin says the bill does not come from Guttenburg, but from another party, meaning, probably, Monmouth Park. He said there would be no limitation to racing, and that the Board of Control must rescind the order to stop racing.

He said also that the Board of Control understood the situation. It seems strange that the Board of Control would consent to import a bill after all that has been done to injure the hilltop track.

"Your are mistaken, my friend," quietly interrupted Judge Cox. "Napoleon did not go over the Alps like an avalanche. He rode a mule."

**HENRY C. RATH.**

ELEVEN JOHN ST., N.Y.

From Last Night's Sporting Extra:

Succeeded Where Others Failed



Miss Nellie Massey's Beautiful Tresses.

SEVEN SUTHERLAND SISTERS.

Dec. 6, 1891.

Dear Ladies: For years I have tried to make the best of my opportunities, and yet, although I had several various presents, until I began using your valuable remedies, the results were not good. I am now using the HAIR and SCALP Cleaser, and I now write that my hair is growing longer and thicker, and my scalp is perfectly healthy condition, and my hair is growing rapidly in length and thickness, according to the HAIR and SCALP CLEASER.

Miss NELLIE MASSEY.

This lady can be seen at our parlors.

Salon for all occasions and SEVEN SUTHERLAND.

East 14th St., New York, where the Sisters can be seen.

THE LADY MISS ELLIS.

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